Those who are borne in lifeless years
Do not remember their past.
We, children of Russia's fearful times,
Forget nothing.
There is stillness. . . . The clangor of the tocsin
Has sealed our lips forever.
Our hearts, once full of exaltation,
Have been drained lethally.

A. BLOCK

Blessed is he who has walked this world
In its fateful hours. . . .
The gods have summoned him
To share their feast.
He may watch their sublime pageant,
He is admitted to their council,
Still on earth, yet as an Olympian,
He drinks immortality from their cup.

TH. TUTCHEV